

The News and Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1905.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

Memoirs, Traditions and History of Rocky Mount and Vicinity.

(Written for The News and Herald by L. M. Ford.)

XI.

Tacitus Cassidy was an Irishman and a man of very great strength and endurance. He overcame each and every antagonist in his many fistfights. On one occasion he was subpoenaed as a witness in a lawsuit. He knew his evidence would greatly injure the cause of a warm friend, whom he esteemed very highly. When the day of trial came Tacitus filled himself well with red liquor, the kind that makes men bold. When called up and sworn he took the stand and said with loud voice, "Nolus, bolus, bull and injuns; Judge, I am a horse." The Judge told the sheriff to "stable that horse and carry him off with a ten dollar bill." Tacitus had accomplished his object and his friend paid his fine. This occurred in the 30s, at Winnsboro, Judge O'Neale, probably, presiding.

William Bowles was a native of Connecticut and taught in this community in the 30's. In that day the pupils voiced their studies or, as it was then called, "studied out loud." Mr. Bowles would stretch himself out at full length on his back on a bench and close his eyes. If any pupil made a mistake, it was corrected; if any one was not studying, he was ordered to work; the name of the delinquent was called on each occasion. His schools were large and he was a man after Solomon's own heart, as he spared not the rod. In figures he was a prodigy, as no problem was stated to him that the solution was not given as soon as heard without making a figure or giving the least mental concern apparently. His mind was a regular cyclopedia of recollections. He could give the date of frivolous and insignificant happenings for years afterward. He owned a mule (Tommy) which was his constant companion and faithful dependence for locomotion in his journeyings and meanderings, which were not few. In the heat of summer and the iciness of winter, he wore an overcoat made of buffalo skin. He was never known to sleep on a bed, but always on a pallet, which he wanted before the fire in the winter. He suffered greatly with asthma and for relief would take ground red pepper stirred in honey. After returning to his home he kept up a correspondence with an old pupil, until the beginning of the war.

John G. Totton taught a singing geography school in 1843. The lessons assigned were sung to some tune and the singing continued until the lessons were learned. As the tune "Old Dan Tucker" was familiar to the school, the lesson for it was soon learned and brought forth the greatest volume of music. Each lesson had a separate tune. The patrons were well pleased with the progress made and the knowledge gained.

Dr. Ira Seaborn Scott graduated at the Medical College, Charleston, in 1843. He commenced at once the practice of his profession. His career of usefulness was one seldom attained by a country physician. His practice extended from Beekinsville down the river to the Keeshaw line and eight miles below. To see him leaning on his crutch and staff one could scarcely believe him able to do such an extensive practice. He was a cripple from childhood. His practice extended over a period of more than forty years.

Years ago when the typhoid fever raged in this country he lost not more than three per cent of the cases he treated. In obstetrics his patients believed him to be without an equal. He died in 1888, esteemed and lamented by this whole community.

William Dixon Benson was a physical wreck and scarcely a week ever passed without his taking medicine. He kept a small shop near Gladson's mill where he worked upon watches, clocks, and almost anything made of leather, wood or iron. During the war his skill was well directed. He made a machine with which he manufactured buttons of horn and bone. He also made spinning wheels and hand looms, by means of which these people could spin thread and weave cloth, which was made into wearing for both races and sexes. He thus enabled our girls to sing with truth and in spirit that song

about "The Homespun Dresses." He also made a bottle puzzle, a very ingenious ornament, which was an admiration and great curiosity to all beholders. There may be a few of them still in the country.

He made a pistol which could be set in a house or field and the one causing it to fire, when so arranged, would certainly receive the contents. He made a shooting lock for a house door. When properly set, it could not be unlocked without an explosion, which would again fasten the door with another bolt. He also made a burglar catcher. When this was set, any one stepping on an unnoticeable platform in front of the door, would be jerked up by an unseen iron loop and held hard and fast until relieved.

The men carried all kinds of farm tools and the ladies their jewelry, watches, etc., to him for repairs and all were accommodated alike. His work always left his hands in good shape and was a fine specimen of workmanship. He was a harmless and innocent old man and scarcely left his shop except to fish, of which sport he was very fond, and occasionally to hunt. He died in 1885, respected and beloved by all.

Dr. William E. Hall was the wealthiest man of this community. He was his own manager and attended to the slaves on his five plantations in South Carolina. He also owned two places in Georgia, which he frequently visited. His crops were paying ones. He was the best of neighbors and a very benevolent man. No one ever went to him for a favor and came away empty handed. His slaves loved him devotedly and some of them, even after emancipation could not speak of him without tears coursing down their cheeks. He was a strong pillar in Bethesda Church. This was broken by his death and his place has not since been filled. Not a dollar's worth of the large property left at his death is in possession of any of his descendants now.

William Robertson was probably the best financier of ante bellum days. He incurred a debt of ten thousand dollars for a plantation and his only resources were a few horses and his family. He paid the debt, built several thousand dollars worth of houses on the plantation, and owned a considerable number of slaves before his youngest child was near grown. He was quite energetic and an excellent manager.

William Nickels was boatwright for the river men. He built all the boats used in navigating the river in his day. When boat building was no longer a business, he opened a shop at his home to repair wagons and all kinds of vehicles. This he did as long as he was able to do the work. He died in 1887 nearly 91 years of age.

Mansel Hollis, probably, performed more manual labor than any man, white or black, in the county. He began as soon as he was able to do anything and continued until his death at about eighty years of age. To recount the amount of labor done in one day by him on several occasions would almost stagger belief. His health was excellent until the last few years of his life. He died in 1899 and left a considerable estate.

Robert S. Nickels was the best manager in a small way among us. He made the best living in the community on very slender resources and without much manual labor on his part. He worked and managed to get eight or nine bales of cotton ahead when it was worth about one hundred dollars per bale. After his death in 1899, his funeral and the current farm expenses were settled, sixteen bales could still be seen lying around. Since his death two bales about eleven years old have been sold. This was probably the oldest cotton ever sold in this county. His practice was to sell a bale when he needed some money and only then.

Thomas Bradshaw Lumpkin undoubtedly possessed the greatest mental caliber of any one in the community. With a collegiate training and such equipment as would be most conducive to the greatest literary effort, it is difficult to conjecture what manner of man he would have been. With scarcely any education he enjoyed reading good literature and his composition was fairly good. He was a poet

in the rough; he knew how to make the lines jingle at their ends and to put sense in their middle. He wrote two poems which were notable; one was about a neighbor, which caused much anger, the other was on a meeting of Flint Hill Masonic Lodge, in which a stanza was devoted to each officer and member present. The most prominent frailty of each was ridiculed most unmercifully. This was taken in the spirit of fun and caused no little merriment. No copy of either is now in existence or of any of his many squibs in doggerel. The old story of "Is it shelled", which went the rounds of the press many years ago, was the product of his brain.

His voice was the strongest I ever knew in a human being. On one occasion he stood on the platform of Robert Ford's gin-house and called Fred, a negro boy, two or three times and told him to come to Mr. Ford's gin-house and drive the gin. In the course of a half hour walked Fred. He was asked, why he came. His reply was "Mas Brad called me to drive the gin," and said he was gathering chinquapias at the "wash hole" when he was called. This was more than a mile on an air-line. Dr. I. S. Scott says he heard him once five miles, and it is said that he "hollered" once in the middle of the river and was heard ten miles down stream.

Many of his quaint and witty sayings are still quoted and will be for days to come. He had an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes and no man ever told one in his presence that he could not tell one to match it and very likely a little better.

He lived to be an old man. (To be continued.)

Saved by Dynamite.

Sometimes a flaming city is saved by dynamiting a space that the fire can't cross. Sometimes, a cough hangs on so long, you feel as if nothing but dynamite would cure it. Z. T. Gray, of Calhoun, Ga., writes: "My wife had a very aggravated cough, which kept her awake nights. Two physicians could not help her, so she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which eased her cough, gave her sleep, and finally cured her." Strictly scientific cure for bronchitis and La Grippe. At McMaster Co.'s, Obeard Drug Co.'s and John H. McMaster & Co.'s drug stores; price 50c. and \$1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Book Containing Every Word.

Mark Twain as a humorist is no respecter of persons, and a story is told of him and Bishop Doane which is worth repeating. It occurred when Mark Twain was living in Hartford, where Dr. Doane was then rector of an Episcopal church. Twain had listened to one of the good doctor's best sermons one Sabbath morning, when he approached him and said politely: "I have enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcome it as I would welcome an old friend. I have a book in my library that contains every word of it." Impossible, sir," replied the rector, indignantly. "Not at all. I assure you it is true," said Twain. "Then I shall trouble you to send me that book," rejoined the rector with dignity. The next morning Dr. Doane received, with Mark Twain's compliments, a dictionary.

Why Suffer from Rheumatism?

Why suffer from rheumatism when one application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm will relieve the pain? The quick relief which this liniment affords is almost beyond belief, and that many who have had it hoping only for a short relief from suffering have been happily surprised to find that after awhile relief became permanent. Mrs. S. H. Leggett, of Yum Yum, Tennessee, U. S. A., writes: "I am a great sufferer from rheumatism, all over from head to foot, and Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only thing that will relieve the pain." For sale by all druggists.

Selfishness is what the man betrays who sticks to the best seat in the street car; a just appreciation of our rights, bought for a nickel, is what we show when we do the act ourselves.

A Revelation.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints. Sold by McMaster Co.

The Bivouac of the Dead.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

Theodore O'Hara, Confederate soldier and poet, was born Feb. 11, 1820, in Kentucky, and died June 6, 1867, in Alabama. He was tall, slender, handsome and valorous. His early life was one of roving and adventure, and he took part in expeditions against Cuba, besides serving with great gallantry in the Mexican war. The United States employed him on several difficult diplomatic missions to South American states, which he accomplished with marked success. During the civil war O'Hara served brilliantly on the staff of General John C. Breckenridge.

The Bivouac of the Dead was written fifty years ago upon the occasion of the removal of Kentucky's dead from their graves in Mexico to their native state for lasting burial. The poem was read by O'Hara in the cemetery at Frankfort, with little thought that he was writing his own fame for ages. It is said that every national cemetery in the United States has used some part of this poem, and at Washington the whole poem is displayed, stanza by stanza, on marble slabs arranged along the pathway.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more his life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind—
No trouble though at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with
met
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And piteous funeral tears have
washed
The red stains from each brow;
And their proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed—
No War's wild note, nor Glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may
feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern harriane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe;
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was Victory or Death.

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew
Still swelled the glory side,
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their father's gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would
pour
Their lives for glory, too.

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pining sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive wail,
A lone note wake each silent night
That hounded o'er that dark day.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues re-
sound—
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the glory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalm'd and gilded dead!
Lest is the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The heritage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot,
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Ye marble minstrel's voiceless tone,
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished year hath
gone
The glory how ye felt,
Nor woe, nor change, nor winter's
blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That glids your glorious tomb.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the

Signature of J. C. Watson

Tutt's Pills

After eating, persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been

DRINKING TOO MUCH, they will promptly relieve the nausea,

SICK HEADACHE

and nervousness which follows, restore the appetite and remove gloomy feelings. Elegantly sugar coated.

Take No Substitute.

Navigation on the Catawba.

Congressman Finley believes that the present generation will see a day when Catawba river will be navigable from the sea to the North Carolina line. In a speech at the Commercial club supper the other night he said: "The development of the Wateree power at Camden will back water to Catawba Falls; the development of Catawba Falls will back water to Landsford; the development of Landsford will back water to the dam of the Catawba Power company; the dam of the Catawba Power company already backs water to the North Carolina line. With all these water powers developed to their fullest capacity, the valley of the Catawba will team with an industrial population that will require water transportation. The government never hesitates to do all it can to provide water transportation where such a convenience is necessary and practicable, and with the development referred to accomplished there will be nothing left for the government but to construct locks at Camden, Catawba Falls, Landsford and Neely's Ferry. There are scores of cases where the government has done greater work for rivers of less importance, and I believe that many of us will live to see freight transported from the North Carolina line to Charleston by way of the Catawba."—Yorkville Enquirer.

A Creeping Death.

Blood poison creeps up towards the heart, causing death. J. E. Stearns, Belle Plaine, Minn., writes that a friend dreadfully injured his hand, which swelled up like blood poisoning. Bucklen's Arnica Salve drew out the poison, healed the wound, and saved his life. Best in the world for burns and sores. 25c at McMaster Co.'s, Obeard Drug Co.'s and John H. McMaster & Co.'s drug stores.

According to an exchange "the latest in wedding announcements is a request to guests not to send presents." If this style "goes" many a poor mortal will thank kind fate that one burdensome tax has been lifted.

Traveling is Dangerous.

Constant motion jars the kidneys which are kept in place in the body by delicate attachments. This is the reason that traveling, trainmen, street car men, teamsters and all who drive very much suffer from kidney disease in some form. Foley's Kidney Cure strengthens the kidneys and cures all forms of kidney and bladder disease. Geo. H. Hausan, locomotive engineer, Lima, O., writes: "Constant vibration of the engine caused me a great deal of trouble with my kidneys, and I got no relief until I used Foley's Kidney Cure." Sold by McMaster Co.

A wise man knows a good thing when he sees it, but a fool doesn't know a good thing when he has it.

How to Ward Off Old Age.

The most successful way of warding off the approach of old age is to maintain a vigorous digestion. This can be done by eating only food suited to your age and occupation, and when any disorder of the stomach appears take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to correct it. If you have a weak stomach or are troubled with indigestion, you will find these Tablets to be just what you need. For sale by Obeard Drug Co.

A Good Suggestion.

Mr. C. B. Wainwright, of Loman City, Fla., has written the manufacturers that much better results are obtained from the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy in cases of pains in the stomach, colic and cholera morbus by taking it in water as hot as can be drunk. That when taken in this way the effect is double in rapidity. "It seems to get at the right spot instantly," he says. For sale by Obeard Drug Co.

Nervous prostration is seldom the result of an overworked egotism.

While a bilious attack is decidedly unpleasant it is quickly over when Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are used. For sale by Obeard Drug Co.

It's a poor lover who is unable to exaggerate his affections.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of the power and authority conferred upon and vested in me, by a certain Trust Deed executed and delivered to me by J. E. Heath and A. Landrum, as heirs-at-law of J. W. Heath, deceased, I will offer for sale before the Court House door, in Winnsboro, within the legal hours of sale, on the FIRST MONDAY IN JUNE next, to the highest bidder, the following described premises, to wit:

All that piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in the County of Fairfield and State of South Carolina, containing six acres, more or less, and embracing the granite quarry of John W. Heath, deceased, bounded on the north and west by lands of the Winnsboro Granite Company; on the south and southwest by lands of T. W. Woodward, deceased, and lands of T. K. Elliott; and on the east and northeast by other lands of the said John W. Heath, deceased.

Terms of Sale: One-half of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in one year, with interest from said day of sale at eight per centum per annum, payable annually, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser or purchasers, and a mortgage of the premises sold, or the whole may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser or purchasers. The purchaser to pay for all necessary papers.

ALSO,

As agent for the said heirs-at-law of J. W. Heath, deceased, at the same time and place, I will also offer for sale the balance of the lands adjoining the above mentioned tract, containing nine acres, more or less.

Terms of sale: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal annual installments, payable in one or two years, with interest thereon from day of sale at eight per centum per annum, payable annually, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser or purchasers and a mortgage of the premises sold. The purchaser to pay for all necessary papers.

J. E. McDONALD, Trustee.

5-17td

Clerk's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD.

By virtue of a decree of the Court of Common Pleas for Fairfield County, in the case of Jesse M. McCauley, Plaintiff, against Mary K. Byers et al., Defendants, I, John W. Lyles, Clerk of the said Court, will sell before the Court House door at Winnsboro, S. C., on salesday in June next, being the 5th day of said month, during the usual hours of sale the following described real estate:

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, lying, being and situate in the town of Winnsboro, in the County and State aforesaid, containing one-fourth of an acre, more or less, and having the following area and dimensions, to wit: beginning at a point on Congress street, near the northwestern corner of the Winnsboro Hotel building, and running from thence in an easterly direction a distance of two hundred and ten feet to the roadbed of the Southern Railway Company, then cornering and thence running northwesterly a distance of fifty-two and one-half feet to the lot now owned by A. M. Owens, there cornering and thence running west along the line of the lot of said A. M. Owens a distance of two hundred and ten feet to Congress street, there cornering and thence running south along Congress street a distance of fifty-two and one-half feet to the beginning point. Said lot being the southern half of one lot of land conveyed to John K. McCauley by the heirs-at-law of Mason Chandler, deceased, by deed which is recorded in the office of the Register of Meane Conveyance for Fairfield County in Deed Book A1, pages 11-13.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-half of the purchase money to be paid in cash, and the balance on a credit of one year from day of sale, with interest thereon from said day of sale, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser and a mortgage of the premises sold, or all cash at the option of the purchaser; the purchaser to pay for all necessary papers and for recording the same.

JOHN W. LYLES, C. C. P. F. C.

Winnsboro, S. C., May 10, 1905. 5-10td



MULES, HORSES, BUGGIES.

Largest Horse and Mule dealers in South Carolina.

A large supply now on hand.

BABCOCK BUGGIES THE BEST MADE. WRITE US FOR PRICES. GREGORY-RHEA MULE COMPANY. JNO. W. CONDER, Manager.

Harper Stables, Plain St., COLUMBIA, S. C.

Special Notice.

We are glad to announce that we are now better prepared than ever before for doing all kinds of

REPAIR WORK

and that we shall be glad to be favored with any work you may have. When needing anything repaired bring it to us or phone us in regard to same.

All business entrusted to us will be promptly attended to.

R. T. Matthews & Son.

Timely Topics.

We are Headquarters for

Cheap and Medium Grade Furniture.

Call in and examine our stock of Iron Beds, Suites, Dressers and Centre Tables. We have six Cheval Dressers at actual cost to clear our stock. Now is the time to get your Summer Cots. Try one of our Felt Mattresses—the best in town. We have a complete line of Little Dandy Cook Stoves. All guaranteed to give satisfaction. We have in stock also a complete line of Bed Lounges. Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT is complete. All calls promptly attended to.

R. W. PHILLIPS.